To the WORSHIPFUL

Joſeph Elſton, Eſq; Mayor,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeſſes,

And the Reſt of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the TOWN of *NORTHAMPTON*;

This Yearly BILL *of* MORTALITY

Is preſented by their moſt Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILIPPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Pariſh of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21ſt Day of *Dec.* 1762, to the 21ſt Day of *Dec.* 1763; incluſive of the Perſons (in Number 9) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And alſo thoſe buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 3. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 1. The Meeting on the *Green* 1.

Diſeaſes.												
ABORTIVE and Stilborn	2	Apoplexy and Suddenly	4	Conſumption	27	Fevers	11	Mortification	5
Aged	20	Cancer	2	Convulſion	17	Jaundice	1	Palſy	1
		Cholic	1	Dropſy	5	Meaſles	7	Small-Pox	13
								Teeth	1
								Thruſh	2

Whereof have died,							
Under Two Years old -	36	Ten and Twenty	3	Forty and Fifty -	13	Seventy and Eighty	13
Between Two and Five -	12	Twenty and Thirty	9	Fifty and Sixty -	11	Eighty and Ninety	6
Five and Ten - -	0	Thirty and Forty -	8	Sixty and Seventy -	8	Ninety and a Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS.	37	39	76	62	57	119
St. SEPULCHRE's.	15	13	28	24	12	36
St. GILES's.	14	11	25	18	21	39
St. PETER's.	1	4	5	3	4	7
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Pariſh				7	7	14
In the whole Town.	67	67	134	114	101	215
	Decreaſed - -		37	Decreaſed -		31

N. B. *Buried of the* SMALL-POX —All-Saints, 13. St. Sepulchre's, 0. St. Giles's, 3. St. Peter's, 3.—*Total* 19.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Written in a CHURCH-YARD.

FROM wanton Scenes—the Shew of Fools,
Ye Idle, here repair!
Where *Wiſdom*—yet untaught in Schools,
Embalms this calmer Air!

Here *Pride* has ſtruck its lofty Sail,
That rov'd the World around;
Here roſeate *Beauty*, cold and pale,
Has loſt the Pow'r to wound.

Alas! no pleaſing Objects here
The periſh'd Senſe invite;
No *Muſic* charms the tuneful *Ear*,
No *Colours* ſtrike the *Sight*.

Within this ſilent Spot of Peace
What Numbers lie compreſt?
The *Wicked* here from Miſchief ceaſe,
The *Weary* here find Reſt.

Here let me muſe!—and, wrapt in Thought,
The Realms of *DEATH* ſurvey:
'Till, by the View reflective taught,
I learn to live To-day.

How vain is Life?—To-morrow's Dawn,
Perhaps, I ne'er may ſee!
Between, how ſlight the Curtain drawn,
Eternity and me.

Indulgent GOD! whatever Share
Of fleeting Life I prove,
O! be it ſtill my foremoſt Care
To gain thy *Guardian* Love.

That ſo—when this diſſolving Frame
Shall mingle with the Duſt,
Preſerv'd, my better Part may claim
A Portion with the *Juſt*.

Impriſon'd in this *Houſe of Clay*,
The *Soul* dejected *ſighs*;
By *Death* unchain'd—ſhe ſoars away,
And ſeeks her *native Skies*.